THE TRUE GET-RICH-QUICK PLAN, THAT PAYS 400 PER CENT.

What Are Gold Mines, Cattle, Wool, in Comparison With the Modest Hen as Wealth Producers?-The Value of Her

industry Nearly \$300,000,000 in a Year The mightiest Easter gift of the lot is the one that the American hen has presented

to the United States. If the Government were to decide to color all the eggs that are laid by her in one day to present to the children of the country, the whole regular army couldn't do the work in a single day unless each soldier could manage to color 700 eggs, which is a

pretty big contract. As the country will consume, not one day's, but several days' laying of eggs, the standing army would be overwhelmed, hidden, crushed by the work of the hen.

Her work produces enough eggs in two days to give one to every human being from Alaska to Porto Rico, not leaving out the Eskimos of Behring Straits.

Forty-two and a half millions of eggs a day is her average now. That day's work weighs 2,658 tons-almost as much as the tonnage of a United States cruiser like

While industrial combinations and financial operations have held public attention the hen has scratched along in humble privacy, and she has beaten even the record of King Wheat, for the value of her modest specialty has turned out to be greater than the whole wheat crop of twenty-eight States and Territories in one year.

The gold and silver mines of the country aren't worth mentioning in comparison with the simple bird. Only once in fifty years has the value of the gold and silver of the United States beaten the value of

Figures cannot give any idea of the enormous value of this American citizen, for the figures are too big to bring delight or understanding to any one except a benighted and violent statistician. For instance, what does 233,598,005 mean? Yet age in the United States, according to the last census, which enumerated them as well as the rest of us.

The value in dollars of that noble aggre gation of laying talent was \$70,000,000. The wonderful flock of birds laid more -not even that kind of a dream which begins "it is estimated." For these figures collected through the various departments of the Government day by day as the eggs were put on the market.

That would entitle every man, woman and child in the country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from Canada to Mexico, to 203 eggs in the year.

Uncle Sam has figured up, not only all the hens of laying age, but all the poultry of all ages in the country, not sccrning either the broilers or the Methuselahs that pour into the market after a well spent and long life to pose on the stalls as spring

As a result of his count he finds that the poultry of the United States numbers more than a quarter of a billion-250,681,593, to be exact. And the value is \$85,800,000enough to give every inhabitant of this country a little more than \$1.12 as his share If they were sold for the account of the

Going back to the hens of egg-laying age alone, and leaving out the tender infants that are only consumers and not producers, Uncle Sam's men find that these industrious and non-striking workers have produced almost \$137,000,000 in the form of marketable progeny and a little more than \$144,000,000 worth of eggs. The exact total of their production in dollars is \$281,178,247.

And that, on the original valuation of the plant of \$70,000,000, means that the American hen has simply knocked into a cocked hat the income producing capacity of trusts, mines, manufacturing combinations, Wall Street and any except the wildest freaks of speculative stock, for the income produced by the hen is 400 per cent. on the original investment, with a little bagatelle of \$1,178,247 left over for pin

If a person could get a bird's-eye view of the shipping ports of this country on any day in the year he would see droves of cattle, horses and mules go thundering up gangplanks and being hauled in slings up the sides of ships.

Steers and cows by thousands strea into ships at wharves in Boston, New York and Baltimore. Mules and horses in unending procession day after day go into ships in all the ports along the coast from Portland, Me., to Galveston, Tex And still more herds go into still more ships on the Pacific shores.

Criss-crossing one another, north, east south and west, all over the continent rush trains filled with them, not only day after day, but unendingly through the day and the night, with never a Sunday, never a holiday to give the whirling wheels and the singing rails a moment's rest.

Hogs, and sheep, and mules, and cows, and steers, and horses-count them, watch them trampling, rushing to the sea, and then turn to the figures gathered by the census and the Treasury Department and find that all that jostling, never ceasing stream of great brutes from millions of acres of pasture does not amount in value to one-quarter of the value of the eggs laid by the little hen.

And if you add the value of the hen herself to the value of the eggs, that whole aggregation of horns and hoofs, all those tons of flesh, will not amount in value to one-eighth of what fowls and eggs are worth. Now sweep your eye over the vast extent of continent from the great ranches under the Rocky Mountains, over the plains of Texas, over the domains of railroad and slaughter houses from Omaha to

Take in with it the immense city of Chicago itself, with its duchies and principalities of stock yards and abattoirs and factories and laboratories, and warehouses and shops, and railroad yards and wharves and refrigerating plants-all devoted to seizing the living beast and converting him to a thousand uses, hide, horns, hoofs,

tallow and meat. Take in the roads that bear miles on miles of cars full of that product, warehouses scattered along a thousand miles of land. warehouses fronting every navigable nook on the oceans; refrigerator ships that are monsters, all stuffed full as they can hold, watch them tear through the seas of the world, flooding the ports from London to

Singapore. And then please go back to the duncolored cackler that roosts in tiny ramshackle houses and drops her golden egg into any old box that the farmer happens to have picked up, and behold, all the tons of canned and fresh and salted beef, all the tallow, all the bacon and hams, all the canned and salted and fresh pork, all the sausages and the sausage meat, yes, and all the casings for those sausages, and the bundred fixings that are exported as the

result of the mad hustle, hustle, hustle, across the continents of locomotive and car, and exported by a hundred different lines of ships, do not come within 120,000 tons of the weight of the eggs laid during the year in the United States.

For the weight of all those animal products is only 846,860 tons, and the weight of the one and a quarter billion dozens of eggs, at the average weight of eight to the pound, is 970,363 tons.

That would extinguish the entire United States navy from Kearsarge and Alabama down to the tiniest torpedo boat. If all the yolk were to be hurled down on it at once, there wouldn't be a rivet left And in dollars those eggs equal 57 per

cent. of the entire income produced by all the exports of all the meat products from the pig's tail to the sirloin steak. Add the value of the poultry to the eggs, and the meat products are beaten. Now throw in the remote animal prod-

ucts that are exported annually-hoofs, horns, bristles, bones, and even glue; add wool and things made out of wool; then add every kind of leather; pile on it all even the exported boots and shoes-and, with all those allies, the mass can beat the poultry and poultry products by only fifteen millions of dollars.

Not so many years ago, in the midst of a battle over tariffs, the whole country was shaken by the fight over wool; and it was well worth while, for the wool product amounts to forty-five and three quarter millions of dollars annually.

But the poultry sold in a year beats that by ninety-one millions, and the eggs beat it by ninety-eight and a half millions of dollars

And all the world's animal products that have in turn come to these shores, from goats herded in Morocco and Switzerland to leather from every place where leather can be obtained, including even gloves made from that leather, including, too, all the cheeses from every land, even China-they aggregate \$127,909,553 in value, less than half the value of chickens and

It is almost sad to think of the argonauts and all their strivings and battles and passions, and of the Alaskan adventurers, that is the number of chickens of laying with their Klondykes and Nomes, their ripping open of the frozen North itself, their war against ice and blizzard and wilderness for gold, when we study the little seven-pound hen and discover that all the gold and silver that engineers and miners and sluices and dynamite and thunthan one and one-quarter billion dozen dering stamp mills have wrested from of eggs in one year. This isn't a dream a whole continent do not equal in combined value, year by year, the value of the tiny, white oval that is gathered in aprons and are not estimated. They are exact statistics | baskets every morning in every hamlet without a single adventure that is worth the telling.

Only in one year-that of 1900-since records were kept by the Government has it happened that the American mines could beat the hen. In that exceptional year the precious metals were ahead by \$9,500,000.

Even in the ages of gold, when galleon after galleon bore it from Africa and the golden Americas, when buccaneers built pirate cities from the spoils, when the rich of the earth counted their wealth, not by ounces, but by ingots and bars-even then all the gold and silver that the whole world could produce, from hemisphere to hemisphere, never came up in value to the combined value of the poultry and eggs of the United States in the year past. Since America was discovered, there

have been only two years-1898 and 1899when the poultry and the poultry products fell below the work of all the mines of all the world combined.

In the former, the mines outdid the hen by almost \$6,000,000. In the latter year, a wonderful year for gold and silver output, almost \$26,000,000 marked the excess over the value of the poultry products.

Of course, the hen could pay for a whole war with her peaceful industry in a year.

More than that, she helped to feed an army

More than that, she helped to feed an army throughout one recent bitter war that shook a continent. That was in South

Africa.

Newspapers and magazines and books were full of the battles; but nobody mentioned that all the time, the chickens of Missouri were feeding the British army where it lay in battle array. They fed it with crystallized eggs, and the more Tommy Atkins ate, the more the Missouri hen laid.

And yet the State of Missouri helds only sixth place among American States in point of egg production. Ohio is first among them. Missouri leads in chickens, and Ohio has to take third place in that respect.

Ghio's leadership in eggs is in point of value in dollars. In the number of dozens, Iowa is the leader of them all; but she holds only second place in the number of chickens owned.

ens owned.

Nevada hasn't quite got down to the chicken yet. She has less than any other State. But she got the highest price for her eggs, for during the year her average was 20 8-10 cents a dozen.

Scarcity of eggs does not explain high prices always, for Montana leads eleven other States in egg production and yet got the second highest average price, 20 6-10 cents a dozen.

Eggs were cheapest in Texas, where they cost 7 7-10 cents a dozen on an average.

And now comes a puzzle for the housewife.

ens owned.

Uncle Sam has figured out exactly what the average price a dozen has been for a year and he finds that it was 11 15-100 cents year and he finds that it was 11 15-100 cents a dozen. Then why, oh, why, are eggs so high when you buy them to eat?

Uncle Sam and all his men respectfully decline to answer. The Census Bureau and the Treasury Department and the Secretary of the Interior all give it up.

And now to wind up the big wonder story of the American hen and her true blue American egg, here is a little wonder story. It is about Alaska:

The census man went into Alaska and found all the hens. It was a hard job to find them, but not a bit hard to count the total; for there were only 176 fowls in all Alaska on June 1, 1900.

Alaska on June 1, 1900.

A man could have put all the hens of that country into a cart and carried them with ease. Their combined value was

\$166.

But that little pocket edition of a hennery, with its little toy shop capital, produced a total income in one year of \$539—\$360 for eggs and \$179 for chickens.

Eggs were high there. They averaged 43 cents a dozen. The chickens that were hatched and sold averaged \$1.01 each. It was a nice little business, beating most banks in point of percentage of income.

AN IDOL OF THE GERMAN STAGE | That would be the sort of stock company we had in Berlin."

WHAT HERR CHRISTIANS THINKS OF US AND OUR PLAYS.

They Don't Have Many Matinees in Berlin, but He Takes the Same Parts at Night That the Matinee Hero Does on Broadway-Why We Can't Have Stock Companies-Wants to See Mansfield Act.

Matinées are so rare in Germany as to be all but unknown; but there are stage heroes there who would be matines idols like our own if there were only afternoon performances in which they could appear. As it is, the young Germans of the weaker sex sigh for them, buy their photographs and sometimes, carefully reared as the frauleins are, they write notes on delicately scented paper just to tell the objects of their admiration how lovely they are.

It takes very little familiarity with German actors to realize why Rudolph Christians should be the idol of the young women of Berlin. He is as slight in figure and poyish in movement as he was seven years ago, when he came to this country first and acted with Agnes Sorma in "Koenigskinder." Herr Christians had then been on the stage ten years. He is now only 33, and looks even in the searching morning light not a day more than 28. He laughs contentedly at the suggestion that he may some day get stout and take his place among the army of German actors who grow fat after they have been on the stage two or three seasons and then pass forever out of the beauty

"I shall never grow too stout, I know," he said. "I ride enough to prevent such a tragedy, even if it were imminent. I have not varied a pound in the last ten years. Now I am on my way to Central Park and shall ride for three or four hours before lunch.

It was early when he said this, for Herr Christians is an early riser. He had asked the reporter to call at 10, although he had acted until midnight in "Zapfenstreich." He had finished his breakfast and was dressed in the smartest English fashion a la Berlin when the reporter arrived.

For the sake of the young women who may have wandered to the Irving Place Theatre to improve their German while Herr Christians is there, it might be added that this fashion comprised a dark blue double breasted suit and a pale gray waistcoat, both cut higher in the neck than New York fashion allows; a gray silk tie in front of a standing collar, and patent leather shoes. Only Herr Christians's thinning locks brushed back from his brow and puffed out on either side suggest that he atelephone office which was near the Chinese s not really just out of his preparatory

"Just to think of acting in the same theatre all one's life," he said, "and grow-ing old along with the audiences that one always plays before. Yet that is what most of us actors do in Germany. I went to Erlin in 1894, six years after I had made my début there. My present contract calls for me to remain until 1914. I hen, of course, I have a pension and shall prac-tically have spent all my career in one

In Berlin Herr Christians is a member of he company at the Royal Court Theatre, he first of the Government theatres in Prussia. Here the Emperor has gathered the best of the German actors, and this theatre, with the Hapsburg in Vienna, is the goal to which every German actor aspires. Josef Kainz occupies at the Austrian theatre the same position that Herr Christians holds in Berlin.

Herr Christians holds in Berlin.

"Keeping the actors together in this way is such a great advantage for them and for the public, too, and I've often wondered why it was never done in America. Couldn't it be accomplished? We are able to play together and produce ensemble effects that would not be possible in companies organized every few months. Of course, over here where the same play is acted for one year, sometimes for two. acted for one year, sometimes for two, the players naturally become thoroughly familiar with their parts, but in repertoire the best results are possible only in companies that are drilled to act together.

"Everybody tells me over here that stars are what the public demand and that every company must have one personality at the head of it. At the Royal Theatre in Berlin we have at least ten stars, who, on their leave of absence, travel from one city to another. You could do the same thing here—have a permanent company with a lot of stars instead of one and play constantly together.'

The suggestion that salaries under such circumstances would be difficult for the managers to pay did not seem any obstacle to Herr Christians. He failed to under-

to Herr Christians. He failed to under-stand why stock companies did not exist in every large city.

"Although I do not act in English and don't believe I ever shall, I would rather act the fool in 'As You Like It' than any don't believe I ever shau, I would rather act the fool in 'As You Like It' than any other part in my répertoire," he said. "I play Shakespeare in Berlin as frequently as any of the classic German authors. Luckily we have glorious translations of Shakespeare into German, and they are second only to what Shakespeare is in English. I realized, however, when I saw Forbes Robertson as Hamlet beauties of the original text that can never be suggested in German."

Herr Christians could not understand how curious it seemed to have a sentimental hero select the part of Touchstons in "As You Like It" when no English-speaking actor who could help himself would take that rôle in preference to Orlando.

"In the distribution of parts," he said with a laugh, "I was allowed whatever I wanted, and one that appealed to me most was the fool. I never played a rôle with greater delight—even the thought of acting it makes me enthusiastic. I have played Romeo, and hope to do that here, and I have played Marc Antony; but most frequently I have acted Hamlet. It was the part I selected for my début in Berlin and at the German Theatre in Vienna I played it several times. I acted it first in Dûsseldorf."

In spite of his success in Hamlet, Herr Christians does not want to play the part

In spite of his success in Hamlet, Herr Christians does not want to play the part here. He has been here eight days, acted eight times, so he is unwilling to undertake the work of preparing Hamlet, which, in his opinion, must be given perfectly if it is

his opinion, must be given perfectly if it is to be acted at all.

"I only hope that our present play remains in the repertoire long enough to let me keep away from rehearsals and give me an opportunity to see some of the American actors," he said. "I am especially anxious to see Richard Mansfield, but I had that same desire before, so shall probably be compelled to go back to Berlin without seeing any theatre but the one I am acting in. I should also like to see "The Two Orphans," which, I am told, has a company made up altogether of stars. a company made up altogether of stars.

THE POLICE OF SOME AND PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

we had in Berlin."

Herr Christians is not going to play in English, although he has been invited several times to go to London, and was once on the point of signing a contract which required him at the end of two years to play in London in the English language.

But I was too much afraid of the attempt, for I discovered that I feel only in German, and that even if I did learn to talk English I could never talk it in a way to be success-

and that even if I did learn to talk English I could never talk it in a way to be successful. So I shall keep to German."

It may be heartless to the young women who are crowding the Irving Place Theatre to see Herr Christians, to record that his dressing table is filled with pictures of a very pretty woman, sometimes alone, and in others with the head of a beautiful hills.

and in others with the head of a beautiful child resting on her shoulder; then there are pictures of the child alone.

These two are Herr Christians's wife and daughter, and he would rather talk about them than all the successes he ever had on the stage—which is not encouraging to the matinee girl, German or American, but is nevertheless the truth.

CHINESE TELEPHONE SIGN.

Commercial and Social. The Orientals are great users of the telephones both in this country, where they are extensive patrons of the pay stations, and in their own lands, where the installations are on a large scale when their business methods are considered, says the

Two Different Codes That Are Used, the

The Japanese have large telephone offices in their principal cities, and the Chinese are developing in the same direction, although somewhat conservatively. The King of Abyssinia has recently caused telephone lines of great length to be laid from the capital to the principal

Electrical Review.

ommunicate with the principal district The telegraph is not adapted to any alphabet but those of enlightened nations using a relatively small number of letters, and for the Oriental alphalets the nessages must be translated into a modern language and thence on receipt interpreted back into the original. This frequently gives rise to errors of a serious nature. But with the telephone the fact that the sender comes into personal contact with the recipient, even to recognition of the tone of voice, does much to rob the plant of the supernatural mysteries and to allay the suspicion which they always associate with the unknown. In fact, the personal contact of recognizing the small voice through the line is ascribed to good genii, and the telephone lines do not receive the prejudice which are ascribed to other lectric lines.

A short time ago a Chinaman walked into quarter of an American city and when one of the men asked him to write "telephone office" in Chinese characters in a record book his manner at once changed, the imperturbable Oriental blankness of expression giving way to the most gental smiles. and he at once began shaking hands with himself and, bowing very deeply, backed out of the room. In a short time he returned and brought a strip of red paper covered with gilt spangles which he fastened to the book very neatly and then from his sleeve taking a bamboo brush and with a bamboo inkstand which was slung at his waist by a long cord reaching around his neck, he very quickly and neatly inscribed the following five Chinese char-acters on the red paper, and in like manner bowed out of the room:

New Chang Mandarin dialect. dialect. CHIANG SPEAK DEN TIEN LIGHTNING

KO SHEE

TELEPHONE OFFICE" AS WRITTEN BY A

When these peculiar actions were explained to the Orientalist who gave the translations it was stated that with the Chinese two different codes govern their lives, one being the commerical and the other the social code. With the commercial code all writing must be on white paper, and with the social code red paper is used which is further enhanced by gilt spangles whenever the highest compliment of prayers for good luck is to be added. When this Chinaman was asked a favor by a white man, probably for the first time, by a white man, probably for the first time, the relations at once changed from the commercial to the social code, and whenever this inscription on the book has been shown to other Chinamen they at once recognize its status and begin smiling, shaking hands with themselves, bowing and smiling as was done in the first instance when the favor was requested.

Tomate Vine as Tall as a Tree. From the Los Angeles Times.

The skyscraper stage has been reached in the development of the tomato in southern California. One of the latest prodigies in California. One of the latest prodigies in that succulent vegetable is a group of three thirty-foot vines that have borne fruit at all seasons and under all sorts of climatic conditions. These remarkable growths are in the gardens of F. C. Case in Pasauena.

It is necessary to use an eighteen-foot ladder to harvest the tomatoes, for the vines have covered a trellis twenty feet in height, where, they have tangled themselves into a thick, compact mass of greenery. The seeds of these wonderful plants were sown last May and have been growing and bearing fruit ever since; in fact, the vines are always filled with bloom and both green and ripe fruit.

MR. PENNILESS SECURES A NEWSPAPER AND BECOMES A WISER MAN.

WHERE THEY THINK COTTON.

IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, SIR, ALL A-BETTING.

Luncheon at the Pendennis Club Depicted by a Man Who Stayed When She Went to Fifteen and a Quarter-Him-He Was Mostly Under Foot.

"I suppose those fellows who are playing high, low, jack and the game with cotton, down there on Wall Street, think that they're getting a touch of excitement in their lives. Every time they let loose a volley of yells and cave in a few silk hats I reckon they think they're engaged in a real heartpalpitating occupation."

The speaker was one of the dozen-or maybe thirteen-New Yorkers who do not know or care anything about stocks and the market. Gently caressing a slightly discolored ear, he continued: "They're deceiving themselves. They

ought to take a trip to Louisville if they want to see a spot where cotton really plays a part in daily life. There's something like heart interest in the subject there. You know how Kentucky is. It's a little bit more-so about everything than any other part of the earth's surface. Its women are more beautiful, its whiskey is more soul searching, its Colonels are more heroic and hard shelled than any other women, whiskey, or Colonels ever created. But Kentucky attains a higher degree of moreso-ness, if I may coin a word, in its views on cotton than in any other department of human endeavor. Your true bred Kentuckian eats tobacco and drinks Bourbon, cities of his empire so that he can personally he thinks cotton-particularly in but Louisville "The Pendennis Club is Louisville's

principal institution. All the principal cotton thinkers of the town, no matter what their other pursuits may be, go there to luncheon. Luncheon there doesn't mean hop, skip, grab, gulf and escape, as it does in New York. It is usually a matter of an easy hour and a half, giving time for the drinks to settle. Well, dropped in at the Pendennis Club at lunch time, and as my friend who had put me up wasn't around, I went into lunch alone and got a chair at a table with half a dozen other men. That's the system there. Next to me was a polished gentleman with subscription fund side whiskers. They were white, of course, Whiskers don't grow that way until they're white; or else they turn white as soon at they grow that At his right were a pair of freshway. faced healthy young chaps with gay and sparkling neckties. Across from me sat s thin lipped, professional looking person in a frock coat, and the remaining member would have been a nondescript but for nose of singular and startling beauty. I don't think I've ever seen a nose tha threw its beams into a naughty world quite so far as that feature did.

"I was sitting with my back to the doo and everything was progressing cheerfully The white whiskers were regaling me with an outflow of characteristic Kentucky conversation. " 'That is why, sir,' was the conclusion

you can get the best drink here of any club in the nation.' "At that moment some unidentified apostle

destruction came to the door and said:
"'She's gone to 15%.'
"Now, can you see any harm in that? "Now, can you see any harm in that? Would that apparently innocent remark arouse to frenzy your instincts of self-preservation? Would you, on the strength of a feminine pronoun and a vulgar fraction, soar for the chandelier and shin up to the ceiling? It didn't strike me that way; I only wish it had. The last syllable of that Delphic utterance hadn't fallen into a frozen silence when the white whiskers issued a yell that would have been good for its face value in a steam whistle factory, and tried to get to the door by a pathway between my sixth and seventh ribs. My chair and I fell over backward and some kind friend poured the food and crockery over me. Then the professor from across the way arrived. How did he get past the table? How do I know? Ask a policeman I expect he hurdled it.

"My breastbone was right there where

"My breastbone was right there wher he needed it. I must have the qualities of a springboard, for in one leap he was on on of a mass of men struggling to get through the doorway. It was one of these three-men-wide doors and about seventeen three-men-wide doors and about seventeen earnest endeavorers were trying to get through simultaneously. I could see the walls bulge. In the middle of the mess I could see a red glow which I took to be my neighbor of the rubescent nose. Did I mention that one of the fresh faced necktie sports had kicked me in the ear, en passant? Well, he did. Look at the ear, if you don't believe it. He carried his enthusiasm into the fray and somebody hit him with something. I hope it was a carafe, but I fear it was only a chair. Anyhow, he lay down and rolled around. When the jam broke and the human stream went down the stairs he and I and one waiter were the only people left in the waiter were the only people left in the place. I grabbed the waiter.

"'What is it?' I demanded, 'who is she?'

And what does the fifteen and a quarter mean?"

"He gaped at me like a pained baboon. "He gaped at me like a pained baboon.
'Don't you know?' he said. 'Cotton.'
"'Cotton!' said I. 'What about cotton?
What kind of cotton? Gun-cotton?'
"'No, suh,' said he. 'Cotton mahket's goin' down. I reckon Col. Smithin'ton's nigh busted.'
"'I don't know Smithington,' said I, 'But if he's the human bombshell with white whiskers who began the assault, or the survival of the fittest in a frock coat that stepped across the ruins of a good

that stepped across the ruins of a good luncheon onto my manly breast, he can't be too much busted to suit me.'
"'Yes, suh,' said the waiter. 'It was a "Yes, suh,' said the waiter. It was a right peart rush, but it wa'n't nothin' to the one last week. You can see 'em runnin from this window, suh.'
"I locked out of the front window, and there, tailed out like the finish of a mile race, were the principal members of the Pendennis Club, hatless, wild-eyed, dishevelled and running for dear life.

Pendennis Club, hatless, wild-eyed, dishevelled, and running for dear life. Ten minutes later when the waiter had removed what he could of the edibles from my clothes, I went down stairs and helped put a battered cripple into a hack. It was the man who had brought the news. He hadn't dodged the rush quite quick enough.

"That determined me," said the New Yorker, rubbing himself reminiscently, "to lunch at my hotel next time I'm in Kentucky, and to get a corner table. Yes, as I said in the first place, New York may take a mild interest in cotton, but Louisville is almost what you might call emoville is almost what you might call emo-

Between NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

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PARSONS SAVES THE FENCE.

BOWLING GREEN'S IRON PICKETS ON GUARD SINCE 1771.

Protected King George III.'s Statue Originally-Now Threatened by the Subway-Engineer Parsons to the Resour -The Oldest Fence ip the City.

Pedestrians in the neighborhood of Bowling Green during the last few weeks have noticed that part of the iron fence surrounding it-the part toward the west -wore a dejected air. And no wonder. Word had reached it that before this

time next week posts and pickets would be laid low to make way for diggers to break ground for a section of the subway. Visions of old iron stuffed away in a corner for nearly a year, or at least until the contractors shall have finished their job, rose before it. Not unnaturally that old fence thinks a lot of itself, and it resented the threatened indignity. When, however, word came that Chief

Engineer Parsons of the Rapid Transit Commission had given strict orders that every post, picket and stone removed from Bowling Green must be carefully preserved, stored safely away under lock and key, and afterward put as carefully back in the old place, the fence felt a trifle better. It chirked up still more upon hearing that Engineer Parsons had done even more; that he himself had recommended the wooden house in Hamilton Fish Park for the purpose and put through a lot of correspondence on the subject. But it did not stay chirked up long. A

whisper came hurrying down Broadway from the Rapid Transit Commission's offices that the house in Hamilton Fish Park was already overcrowded with relica of one sort and another and had no spare | got so that it will shake hands with the man room for any fence whatever, no matter how long its pedigree.

Again the fence felt troubled and for seal, and it is learning, and it already does

Long residence in that neighborhood Long residence in that neighborhood had made it thoroughly aware of the fact that of late years a certain element of the foreign population settled not far from Bowling Green will steal anything portable that is saleable, even to old iron and other junk, going so far, in fact, as to out chunks out of lead pipes when they are unguarded. To be stolen and sold for a song would be an ignominious end for the dean of iron fences in thiscity, indeed, so far as is known. fences in this city, indeed, so far as is known, in the State.

At this juncture along came a

At this juncture along came a com-forting rumor from the Eattery that Engi-neer Sanford of the Bowling Green section of the subway intended to put up in Battery Park a small building principally to give shelter to the fence. This rumor was afterward confirmed by Mr. Sanford, who added that if necessary he would wrap the fence in blankets and set a dog to watch it. After that the old fence looked almost contented. contented.
"After all," an old man remarked, who

"After all," an old man remarked, who was leaning against one of the posts the other day, "what matters one experience more or less in such a long, eventful career? "I should be thoroughly sorry," he added, "to less the fence from this spot.

"Only to think that these pests and pickets were put up as long ago as 1771 and really for no other reason than to give protection to the fine equestrian statue of King George III., which was shipped over from England at enormous expense.

to the fine equestrian statue of king George III., which was shipped over from England at enormous expense.

"Probably had the statue not put in an appearance no fence would have gone up there for a long time to come, for at that time Bowling Green was just like any other village green—common property.

"After King George was set up there, by order of the village president, a certain amount of space was marked off around it with a trumpery little rail fence scarcely a foot high, which turned out to be almost useless. Then a day came when the village officials decided that the place should be protected with a tall iron fence having a stone foundation, and then and there they made an appropriation of £800 for the purpose—a bigger sum then than it is now.

"In the early days of its history I suppose the fence was a stanch Britisher in politics. I wonder what its politics are now.

"But at any rate, the fence didn't guard

I wonder what its politics are now.

"But at any rate, the fence didn't guard old George's statue very long or very successfully. When one fine day news came along of the Declaration of Independence and an excited throng swarmed into the Green to hear it read, the fence could not put up much of a fight.

"After the reading, as everybody knows,

the mob maybe didn't do a thing to that statue. They got ropes and crowbars. It was dragged from the pedestal and drawn, with shouts of triumph, through the streets, and later sent to Litchfield, Conn., the home of Gov. Wolcott, by whom it was run into 42,000 bullets, which came in handy soon afterward.

afterward.

"Stirring days those for the fence! It shows the scars of battle even now, and long before the War of the Revolution was ended it had quite lost the jaunty look which at first was so much admired.

"The ornamental bails which tipped the pickets were gone—pulled off to make into grapeshot—and the British crowns, the insignis of royalty, which capped the ninety posts, were entirely demolished. I'd give a good deal to know what the fence thought of it all.

"These posts have gazed at a good many changes since them, but, after all, those were the most stirring days in the fence's history. The village grew into a tewn before its eyes and the town into a city. It saw stage coaches, horse cars, trolleys, elevated roads and a subway succeed each

"Village children held May parties around "Village children held May parties around it. It knew intimately some of the most aristocratic matrons and beaux and belies of the old days, whose dwellings radiated from Bowling Green, and was up in their secrets. It has always been in the front row, so to speak.

"Look at it now. Surrounded with sky-scrapers and literally in close touch with many of the noted commercial and financial magnates of the day; the centre, from morning till late afterneon, of a hurrying.

magnates of the day; the remains from morning till late afternoon, of a hurrying, scurrying mass of human beings.

"I am glad Engineer Parsons means to look after the fence. I should hate to see the control of the co

BRIGHT SEAL IS BABE. A Fresh Trick Learned by a New Favorite at the Aquarium.

The new seal at the Aquarium-it has been there now for some months, but new they still call it, to distinguish it from that old Aquarium favorite Nellie, the seal that was there for so many years-has not yet who cares for it, as its predecessor in the pool would do, but it is a very intelligent

Babe, as they call the new seal, will take

food from the hand, and it comes up on the platform at the end of its pool to get it: and there, at the word of command, it will turn around on the platform. one. two, three times before being fed. But it is in doing this little turning around act when it is in the water that the seal is most attractive.

Like all seals Babe is very fond of killies

Iske all seals Babe is very fond of killies and they give it a few killies occasionally, for the seal's gratification, and to vary its diet a little. Wonderfully agile swimmer as it is, the big seal can capture the swift-darting little killies with perfect ease and facility.

When the man comes along with a pan of killies Babe stands up in the water on its tail flippers, in the middle of the water; resembling then, somewhat, a penguin in attitude and appearance, and suggesting, also, a baseball player in the field, looking for fly balls and ready to turn in any direction to catch them; and the seal is ready, as it stands there, to turn in any direction and swim for the killies as they are thrown into the water. And the man says then to the seal:

"Now, turn, Babe. Once!"
Round turns the seal, standing upright on its hind flippers in the water, like a boy spinning around on his heels, and back it comes with its eves to the front, on the man and the pan of killies; and
"Twice!" says the man, and 'round spins the seal again; and

"Twice!" says the man, and 'round spins the seal again: and "Three times!" says the man, and 'round spins the seal once more and then the man tosses a killie into the water, which the seal dashes after and snaps up in a minute, to come back then and stand at attention, on its tail flippers in the middle of the pool, as before, with its graceful and alert head just above the water, and its big eyes fastened on the man, ready for the next killies thrown into the pool.

A bright seal is Babe.

Brides Carry Prayer Books Instead of Bouquets.

From the London Daily Mail.

From the London Daily Mail.

Ornamental prayer books of various kinds are the fashion. Those chiefly favored are silver mounted, and a popular design for the backs is a replica of Revnolds angels heads. The inside of this diminuity volume shows a return to the fashion of including some illustrations. In this case, they are reproductions of well known pictures.

Several fashionable brides have lately discarded the bouquet entirely, and walked up the sisle holding only a beautifully bound prayer book in their hands. These books have appropriate white ivory backs, and the pages are frequently of vellum, illuminated by hand, like the old missals.

Bridesmaids, also, who have not generally attempted te grapple with prayer books in addition to their bouquets, now sometimes carry them. One recent bride gave each of her fair followers a book of which the cover had been exquisitely embroidered by her own clever ingers.

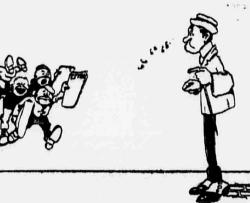
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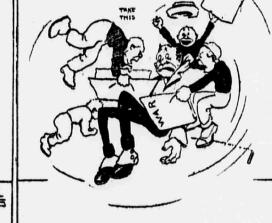
"Honesty is the best policy. I trust that centieman yonder has the necessary coin



"I'm dead broke, but I must see a newspaper and learn the news."



After a hasty perusal, I'll return the copy, pretending it's an old edition.



Chorus-Dat den't work, boss! We's en to your game! See?

